The Southern Herald.

VOL. XXV. LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, MAACH 20, 1891. NO. 48.

THE SOUTHERN HERALD.

Published Every Friday Morning.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in advance.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

One square, first insertion.....$1 00
One square, each subsequent insertion.....50

Quarterly, half yearly and yearly advertisements contracted for at lower rates.

Professional cards not exceeding ten lines for one year, $10.

Announcing candidates for State or District offices, $15; for County offices, $10; for Supervisors districts, $5, in advance.

Marriages and deaths published as news.

A FRAGRANT OFFERING.

I walked alone among the hills,
The voices in the air
Were kindlier than the thoughtless tongues
Of the world's thoroughfare.

I heard no ring of Mammon's bells,
Thro' all the scented air,
No jargon of the tiresome crowd
Assailed me anywhere.

A grander than St. Peter's dome
Shone brilliant overhead!
I stood alone a worshiper
In the city of the dead.

Alone? Another followed me,
So pure she looked, and brave,
And laid her fragrant offering
Upon a new-made grave.

'Twas thus the Scottish poet knelt
To kiss the wild flowers' bloom,
I know the pathos that he felt
Beside the silent tomb.

To be remembered, so I thought,
Is nevermore to die,
In floral language thus is taught
Our immortality!

Oft by the graves of those we love,
Our sorrows find release,
In precious promise from above:
"In Me ye shall have peace."

My tears fell—an unspoken prayer—
Upon the fresh green sod,
And there I laid my cross of care
To walk alone with God!

—Arthur L. Jenks, in Jury.

WON BY A PLOT.

Why Minnie Married the Man Chosen by Her Father.

"It is so perfectly unreasonable of you, papa," pouted Minnie McAlster, only and petted daughter of Lawyer McAlster, and pretty and willful as a pet kitten; "so perfectly unreasonable, and it is so impudent of that fellow to write and ask you for my hand before I have set eyes on him."

"But you have set your eyes on him many a time," interrupted her father.

"Oh, yes," with a toss of the dainty head, "when he was in his first jacket, and I in pinafores. I know all about that. Because we were two pretty children, and pleasant playmates, our stupid fathers said: 'Let us pledge our children to each other.' And now, after twelve years, when I am seventeen and he twenty-one, the impudent creature coolly desires me to be true to that nonsensical trash, and writes to ask a renewal of your consent."

"Which he certainly has."

"But which it will do him no good to obtain," continued Minnie; "for I say positively I will not see him, nor speak to him, nor glance at him if he comes here. If you write and tell him to come, I will run away to Rockwood, anyhow, and take vocal lessons. I know I have musical genius, if it were properly cultivated; and there is a splendid professor at Rockwood who has a large class in training. I want to join it, and I shall go away next week if you consent; but if you let that horrid, impudent, insolent Walter Graham come here to look after my fortune (for that is what he wants), I shall go without your consent."

"My dear," said Lawyer McAlster, coolly, viewing his irate daughter with twinkling eyes, "let me correct one error you have fallen into. Walter Graham is worth three times what I am at this moment. His father's whole property is in his hands, and he is wealthy. So I hardly think he is looking with covetous eyes upon your few thousands. No; he remembers you as a most sweet child, and, being of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, he thinks it would be pleasant to follow out the wishes of his father and yours and renew the pledge made by them. However, if he could see you at this moment he would think you any thing but a sweet girl."

"Then I wish you would call in an artist and have my picture taken on the spot to send him."

"But I would rather not, for remember I desire you to see and at least treat this young man as the poet says we treat Vice, the monster—first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Oh, yes," pouted Minnie, "you lawyers think there is nothing in life but bargain and sale. You would have me coolly pledge myself to this fellow because you think he would be a good match, and you would make a regular dry law affair of it, without any love or wooing in it."

"You are in error again," interrupted her father. "I would make a law affair of it by having you permit this 'fellow,' as you call him, to go to court and allow him to make his plea. I don't ask you to promise your hand to him till he has done this—but you refuse even to see him."

"Yes, I do refuse to see him, and there is an end of it. I am not going to be won in this matter-of-fact way. I am going to fall in love without meaning to, and be fallen in love with in some unexpected, romantic way and have it all like a story-book."

Mr. McAlster smiled.

"You will doubtless fall in love with that professor over at Rockwood," he said.

"Ah, no—he is old and gray. I shall meet my fate in some unlooked-for manner, when I least expect to, I suppose. But will you let me go to Rockwood?"

"I will think about it. I would rather you should take lessons here, and if I can get a good instructor to come here I suppose you will be just as well pleased, will you not?"

"Yes—if you keep Walter Graham away."

At the end of a week Mr. McAlster informed Minnie that he had secured her an instructor for her voice.

"I wrote to a friend," he said, "a musical gentleman of my acquaintance, and he has secured an excellent teacher, who will be here some time next week. He will make his home with us and will devote his whole time to you. I will pay him well for it, and you will progress much faster than you would at Rockwood. I want you to study hard and apply yourself strictly to your music. I shall pester you no more about Walter Graham, for I have written to him how you feel upon the subject, and now that Prof. Bangemwell is coming you need worry no more about that 'fellow's annoying you.'"

"Prof. Bangemwell!" repeated Minnie. "What a name! I know he is old, and tall, and thin, and wears green spectacles, and will be as cross as a bear, but I don't care so long as I can take lessons in singing, if he is an ogre."

Prof. Bangemwell looked any thing but an ogre as he stood in the parlor an hour after his arrival, and was presented to Miss Minnie, his pupil, who had just come in from a walk. He was tall, as she had said, but not old, being certainly not over twenty-five, and not thin, for he had the splendid figure of an Adonis, and his dark, magnetic eyes were not covered by green goggles, and the sweet smile that parted the handsome lips under the long black mustache proclaimed him any thing but "cross."

"Why, Prof. Bangemwell is perfectly splendid, papa," Minnie cried, after an hour's conversation with the professor, finding herself alone with her father. "He is just as handsome as he can be; and oh! what eyes. And he is so agreeable! I know we shall get on splendidly."

"There, there, that will do," said her father, frowning. "I would advise you not to rhapsodize over a common professor of music. He wasn't brought here to play the agreeable, but to teach you music."

Minnie pouted, and thought her father "awfully cross," and went back to the professor. He wanted to hear her voice, and so she sat down at the piano, and he stood very near and gave her suggestions about her position and told her how to draw in her breath and how to economize it; and then, when she sang a passage, he told her where she failed, and sang it for her, that she might understand it better. His voice was a splendid, soaring tenor, and it just lifted Minnie up to the "seventh heaven" to hear him sing. They were full two hours at their first lesson, and then Minnie played and sang some simple airs, and the professor joined in the chorus. So they whiled away another hour; and then Minnie went to her flowers, and the professor soon joined her in the garden, and proved himself as learned in botany as music.

"A magnificent man," Minnie said that night in her room. "I have heard and read of such men, but never saw one before;" and all that night long she dreamed of handsome, dark-eyed Prof. Bangemwell.

That was only the beginning. Prof. Bangemwell not only taught Minnie music and botany, but love. It was useless for her to try and conceal it. Her father frowned, her mother chided, and Minnie told them both "how foolish it was to accuse her of such nonsense," but at length she did not try to conceal her passion for the handsome professor.

"Yes, I do love him," she cried one day when they were warning her not to allow herself to fall in love with a poor music-teacher. "I do love him, and he loves me, and I am not ashamed to confess it. I would rather die than give him up, too, if he is a poor music-teacher."

Her father groaned.

"Wild, insane child," he said. "I will go and discharge the fortune-hunter immediately," and away he went in a rage, leaving Minnie in tears.

Half an hour later Prof. Bangemwell, dejected and sad, came to Minnie.

"Darling," he said, "I have been turned adrift by your stern father. I must leave the house to-night and forever. Can you give me up or will you go with me? I am a poor man, but I will work for you, slave for you, if you will be mine."

She clung to him weeping.

"I will go," she said, "to the uttermost parts of the earth with you."

"And you will leave all—father, mother, home, luxury?"

"Yes, gladly, if by so doing I can be yours forever."

He drew her closely to his breast and kissed her tenderly.

"Then, little one, if you love me so truly, you can forgive me for a little deception, I am sure. I have been playing a part, Minnie."

"Then, who—what—" she began. "I don't understand."

"Then I must explain. I am Walter Graham."

She sprang from his arms in wonder and amazement.

"Walter Graham!" she repeated.

"Yes, Walter Graham. Your father wrote to me how utterly you scorned my suit. I had not and could not forget my childish fancy for you. Through all the years I have been in foreign lands I have remembered you and hoped you would not forget the pledge made by our fathers. But I found you had forgotten and refused to see me. Then your father wrote, asking me if I could not play the part of a music-teacher for a time and stating the case as it stood. Fortunately I had received a thorough musical education in Germany, which enabled me to play my part well. I did not need to disguise, as there was no danger of your recognizing me, and your father and mother were in the secret. I came, saw and conquered. Won't you forgive me?"

She crept into his arms.

"Why, I suppose I shall have to," she said, "for I love you so, I could not be angry with you."

Just then her father came in.

"So ho!" he cried, "you have concluded to accept that horrid, impudent, insolent fellow after all, Minnie? Well, well, I am glad that things have ended so happily. Take her, Prof. Bangemwell, and if you find her half as good a wife as she has been a daughter, in spite of her caprices, you will never repent having taught music, I know."—N. Y. Evening World.

—At the Navy Yard.—"We cast cannon in here," said the guide, as they stepped inside. "Do you?" asked the pretty girl. "Now, please show us where you blow great guns. I often hear my naval friends speak of them."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Daniel Salisbury and his wife, of Lac Qui Parle, Minn., are probably the oldest married couple in this country. They are 103 and 101 years old respectively, have been married eighty years, and are still "quite smart."

AN ANCIENT BEVERAGE.

Chocolate Was Known and Favored by the Aztecs.

To the uninformed a cup of chocolate might well seem a modern luxury; that it is an ancient American beverage, the plant from which it is produced as indigenous to our continent as is the tea plant to China and the coffee plant to Arabia, will without doubt be a matter of surprise to many.

The Aztecs drank a beverage made from the seeds—or "beans," as they are now called—their method of preparing them for use being very much upon the same principle that is now used in the great modern manufactories.

The first step in this procedure is the roasting of the bean. This loosens the shell, which becomes easily detachable from kernel, the part that is used.

The roasted kernels are next ground. Upon the same flat stones upon which their maize was pulverized, the ancient Aztecs ground the roasted seeds of the chocolate. In those days this delicate liquid was served in a chocolate vase, the chocolate mixed with water and certain spices being placed within it, and then beaten to a froth or a foam by a mallet-like beater called a stirrer. It is said that the peculiar noise made by the brisk stirring gave to it the name of chocolate—a word the noise is supposed to have resembled.

In those days the greater delicacy, cocoa, was altogether unknown. This last is made by extracting the rich oil from the seeds which are roasted, ground and pressed to exude the oil. The pressed cakes are again ground, sifted and are then ready for use.

Chocolate and cocoa are both nutritious, palatable and harmless.—Detroit Free Press.

ACCESSORIES TO A GOOD FIT.

Directions for Cutting and Trimming a Neat Basque.

All seams are tapered to give a long-waisted appearance. Do not cut a basque extremely short on the hips if you wish a becoming fit. Odd basques of black lace over black silk will be trimmed with gilt or jet and turquoise passementerie, and worn with black silk skirts for dressy occasions. The flaring Medici collars may be made adjustable, and worn only when something more dressy than the ordinary collar is wanted. They end at the throat or extend to the bust, leaving an open V space or showing a plastron having a high collar attached. The flaring collar is wired all round, top and bottom, and has cross pieces of the milliner's wire here and there. It may be of the dress material, velvet or lace, edged with passementerie, or entirely covered with a net-work. Vests of corduroy are worn with striped cheviot suits, after the English fashion. A new arm-size trimming shows a point under the arm at the waist-line, which forms a half moon on each side, ending at the top of the shoulder in a point. Sleeves may be of one or two materials, but if two are used have the velvet or plain goods for the lower part. The newest sleeves are sufficiently long to cover the wrist. The mutton-leg shape is still the favorite. Cuffs are not used much, except in the shape of straight bands.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dressing for the Table.

Table linen has never been of the importance that it is to-day. Less than a hundred years ago country people spun their own linen, and before that time the dinner napkin was almost an unknown luxury. As late as 1663 the amenities of the social board were so imperfectly understood that in a manual issued for the instruction of "ladies" the following caution appears: "A gentlewoman being at table, at home or abroad, must observe to keep her body straight, not to bend her elbows, nor smack her lips, nor eat food so hot that it will bring tears to her eyes, nor drink hastily." As may be imagined, the table covers and napkins of to-day are works of art, of which the housewife of one hundred years ago had not dreamed. Pure, fine damask is the chosen fabric for table linen. Tints of yellow are introduced very daintily through all-white embroidery or the lacy draw work that is so popular. Small detached flowers are worked, as if strewn carelessly, over linen surfaces in fine silk, care being taken to reproduce as nearly as possible the artistic Dresden coloring.—Chicago Post.

Poisoned Air.

Air-tight bedrooms are among the evils of civilization. We do not mean to say they are quite air-tight, but they come so near to it that health is much impaired by sleeping in them. The poorest economy is to have large, airy parlors, and small, ill-ventilated bedrooms; and yet nothing is more common. In the bedroom we spend from seven to eight consecutive hours—on an average one-third part of our lives. A person goes into one of those rooms with the door closed. How long will this air last him? Even if we suppose the sleeping room to contain one thousand cubic feet, it would last its occupant two hours and a half. What is he to breathe the other five or six hours? Carbonic-acid gas—in other words, a deadly poison. Though people do not die from this cause, yet many of them are suffering with dizziness, headache, dyspepsia, and a host of kindred diseases induced by sleeping in such contracted and ill-ventilated rooms.—Standard.

Buttons Revived.

Buttons are once more beginning to assert themselves on out-door jackets, and fortunate is the woman who has treasured up old and rare sets of them. The Princess of Wales has a penchant for artistic buttons and has the finest collection of jeweled gold, silver and carved buttons in the world, including a set consisting of crimson carbuncles set in oxidized silver, recently presented by her sister, the Empress of Russia. The Empress Eugene has a set of beautiful real pearl carved buttons that graced her colored riding habits in the days of the Empire.—Chicago Post.

HARD TO BEAT.

An Old Timer Discants Upon Winter Weather.

"'Joyin' yourselves?" asked the Oldest Inhabitant of the children this morning who were out in the yard playing with the snow. "Glad uv it! Have a good time an' be happy. But what's thet?" and he stuck his cane into an immense snowball they had rolled; "a snowflake?"

"Why, no, grandpa," said one, "that's a big snowball."

"A—a what?" asked the old man, as though surprised. "Sneowball? Why, yer tryin' ter fool yer grandpop, you air! That 'ere is a sneowflake, or I never seed one in my life. It's little, tew, compared with them as we useter hev when I was a yonker. Don't hev nothin' nowadays like we useter. Did I ever tell yer 'bout the sneowstorm we hed in '34—or mebbe it might a' be'n in '35; anyway, 'twas the winter arter my dad hed got in the big crop o' hay offen the ten-acre field whar the hide fact'ry is neow. Thet wuz a sneowstorm, 'most ez big ez the one Jud Green useter tell us lads 'bout.

"I 'member it jist ez well ez though 'twas yisterday. 'Gun sneowing early in the mornin', 'fore we wuz up, an' kep' it goin' fer twenty-six days, 'thout a let-up, till they wuzn't a heouse t' be seen anywhar fer ten mile. Us boys had great fun, yew bet, tunnelin' to the nex' village arter supplies, an' all we could git t' eat wuz eggs, an' them wuz froze stiff ez icicles. Lots of sport, tew, gittin' up on the chimblies an' lookin' out. But 'twas bad in some ways. Thet wuz the time we hed the big sneowflakes. I tell yew. I found one ez weighed fifteen pounds. Used it fer ice all winter, an' then hed plenty left over; 'twuz frozen so stiff 'couldn't melt when yew put it right on the stove. They wuz seven boys just my size, an' all playmates uv mine, was out the fust day it sneowed, an' they wus struck by some uv them 'ere big snow flakes an' smashed flatter'n pan-cakes. Terrible, wuzn't it? Why this ain't nothin' ter what we uster git. Yer jest 'member it, children, an' don't brag 'bout nothin' till yew hear my stories."

And as he went floundering through the snow, into the house, the oldest child stepped forward and gave him a cooky inscribed: "Ananias."—Boston Transcript.

Cats Cause Ringworm.

"The ringworm is doing well in this city at present," said a prominent physician to an Examiner reporter recently. "And if this peculiar form of skin disease is not checked and people are not very cautious it will spread rapidly."

"What is the cause of this skin affection?"

"The cat is the principal promoter of it. Children love to carry kittens around with them. The former are often covered with certain fungi or parasites which, when brought in contact with a human being's skin, act similar to poison oak, although the eruptions are of a different character. I have ascertained that in every primitive case I have attended, there is always a kitten or cat in the household, and this feline is petted and fondled not only by the children, but by the adults. Let me give a bit of advice to young ladies who hold their complexions at any value when I say don't handle the cat, whether he be the sweetest of kittens or the most valuable maltese."—San Francisco Examiner.

Making an Estimate.

A savant estimates that the number of persons drowned in the various waters of the world since the creation is 150,000,000. This doesn't include the smart Alecks who have stood up and rocked boats to scare the girls. They are not worth putting in an estimate of any sort.—Detroit Free Press.

A Chance to Rise.

Young Man—I see you advertise a vacancy in your establishment. I should like to have a position where there will be a chance to rise.

Merchant—Well, I want a man to open up and sweep out. You will have a chance to rise every morning at five o'clock.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sincere Admirer.

Ethel—How I wish I could play like you.

Edith—It's very kind of you to say so.

Ethel—Oh, I admire your playing so much! It must take many, many, years of practice to learn to play so well.—N. Y. Sun.

Ground for Judgment.

Cumso—I believe that fellow Jaysmith to be a scoundrel.

Mrs. Cumso—But you shouldn't judge by appearances.

Cumso—I don't; it's disappearances I judge by. He has absconded with $100,000.—Munsey's Weekly.

Too Bad.

Wool—Did you notice in the paper that the Barge Office people were about to return to Europe a woman who refuses to speak?

Van Pelt—No! Great Scott! And the only one of the kind in the country, too!—Jury.

Did Not Apply to His.

"Jokes are not like people," remarked Goslin. "They are no good till they are cracked."

"Your jokes are just like people," replied Dolly. "When cracked they are no good at all."—West Shore.

—Knew Too Much.—Intelligent Compositor—That new reporter spells victuals, "v-i-t-a-l-s." Foreman—Yes, he's fresh; make 'er right, and dump 'r in here; want to go to press in just three minutes. And this was what the public read when the paper was issued: "The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound in the victuals."

—"Knowing a little more about these things than you is all I bring you, Alonzo," she whispered, "except the dower of my deathless love. You are standing on the wrong side for the minister. My second made the same mistake." Alonzo got around to where he belonged and the ceremony proceeded.—Philadelphia Times.

TWO POULTRY HOUSES.

Both Are Serviceable and Can Be Put Up at a Small Expense.

We have endeavored to give a great many designs of poultry houses, and in this issue give two by way of comparison. It is not possible to present a design that would be acceptable to all; hence each reader must compare the whole, and select the one most suitable for his purpose, considering the cost.

Fig. 1 shows a house in which the roof and sides are combined. It may be 16 feet square, 9 feet at the peak, with a board at the bottom 1 foot high; or it may be of any size desired. The cost for material is about $15, the floor being of earth. It is not so convenient for one entering it as is the house shown at Fig. 2; but this house gives more room on the ground, at less cost. Windows

FIG. 1.—POULTRY-HOUSE.

should be at both ends, and the roosts may be short, so as not to interfere with ingress and egress of the attendant.

Fig. 2 shows a double house. This house is 10x16 feet, divided into two apartments, each 8x10 feet, and will cost about $18. Each apartment will

FIG. 2.—DOUBLE POULTRY HOUSE.

accommodate about ten or twelve fowls, and one ventilator (A) will answer for both. There are two entrances to and from the interior, one at each end (B) and a wire or lath partition, with a door in the partition, separate the two flocks. This house, like the other, gives plenty of room on the ground, and is more convenient in some respects; but both are good and cheap. —Farm and Fireside.

HEALTHY POULTRY.

There Is Nothing Fowls Enjoy More Than Bright Sunshine.

Above every other point, our efforts should be to have our poultry healthy and to keep them so, but to do this requires a great deal of foresight and care on the part of the owner. There is nothing that more enjoys the warm sun than the poultry, and its effects upon them is very beneficial. While on the other hand, if they are exposed to the hot sun and have no place to retreat to, to get out of it into the shade, disease and loss are sure to follow; not temporary disease or loss, but a permanent loss. Just so long as you keep a lot of poultry ... has once been so exposed you are laboring under difficulties from the fact that such will never give as good satisfaction and are much more liable to be attacked by disease than poultry that have been properly cared for. The same rule will hold good with poultry that have once been stunted by improper or insufficient feeding; they will never come up to the high water mark. No matter what treatment they receive, they have been injured, and will never fully recover therefrom, so that if we wish to have good, healthy, strong and paying poultry, we should concentrate our every effort in keeping them from being injured or broken down before their time of usefulness arrives.

If a fruit tree gets injured the loss to the tree is not much, but when we go to gather in the fruit is the time that tells the story.

First of all, good, sound, healthy stock, then with proper care and foresight, when egg harvest time arrives we will not be disappointed, but we may expect to be rewarded for our care and trouble. The successful poultryman must appoint himself general in command, and look all around, or the enemy may get in on his rear or flanks. Mistakes and regrets won't bring back the coop of young chickens that were left out at night and were all carried off by the rats or skunks.—F. D. Roth, in Practical Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL DOTS.

ASPHALT paper, which costs $1.20 per 500 square feet, is considered good in the construction of silos.

FARMERS who know how to produce at a relatively low cost are always at the head of the procession.

FOR general farm crops horse manure mixed with that from cows is better than horse manure alone.

TAKE good care of your cows, but do not let your boy feel that you care for or have more interest in them than in him.

HE who starts a good reading club in a country neighborhood and puts enough interest into it to keep it going, is a public benefactor.

AN English professor says, according to the New England Farmer, that if milk could be drawn directly from the cow into a chemically clean bottle and hermetically sealed it could be kept sweet for almost an indefinite period. He had kept a sample for three years after it had been drawn from the cow, when it differed very little from ordinary fresh milk.

IT should be remembered by all dairymen that one of the best remedies for garget in cows is bathing the inflamed udder with lukewarm water, says the Maine Farmer. And don't be afraid of putting some time into the work. A mere washing is not enough. Bathe and rub till the inflammation is scattered. Very few cases ever occur but will readily yield to this simple treatment.

WHEN TO SOW OATS.

Important Suggestions on a Topic of Timely Interest.

Oats is one of the earliest crops to be sown in the spring, and it is quite an item to have every thing in readiness so that as soon as the condition of the soil will admit the seeding can be done. Where a regular system of rotation is carried on, oats should follow corn. While in some respects they may not be so profitable as corn, yet, if properly managed, they make good feed for stock, furnish both grain and roughness and add to the variety.

There are a number of different ways of sowing the oats in the spring; but whichever plan is followed, care should be taken as far as possible to make the necessary arrangements in advance so that the work can be done early.

A few farmers still follow the old plan of ploughing the ground in the spring, sowing the oats broadcast and harrowing them in. Sometimes, if the ground is rough, the roller is used to level down and fine the soil. This is the slowest way, as much time can be saved by ploughing the land in the fall, then sowing the oats in the spring, and harrowing to cover. On stubble land this would lessen the work that is to be done in the spring. With corn-stubble or stalk land, if the cultivation has been reasonably clean the season previous the seed can be sown broadcast, worked into the soil with the cultivator and then harrowed into a good tilth. Some prefer to use the disc harrow or the spring-tooth cultivator, as these put the soil into a better tilth with less labor than with the old style of diamond shovel cultivator. Both the disc harrow and the spring-tooth cultivator have broadcast seeding attachments that will sow the seed broadcast and the teeth or discs will work it into the soil. Unless the soil is very loose and friable it will be best to harrow down with a spike-tooth harrow to finish up the seeding. The drill is used in some cases, but the results are not as a rule satisfactory, as in the drill row the plants do not have a good opportunity to tiller out. One advantage with the broadcast seeders with the harrow or cultivator is that the work can be done more rapidly and thus in the spring when work is always more or less pressing is quite an item.

The roots of the oat plant grow near the surface, and it is an important item to work the soil into a good tilth. It is not necessary to stir the soil deep. Use plenty of seed; on average land two bushels of seed per acre will be about the right quantity. Scatter as evenly as possible. One advantage with the broadcast seeders is that the seed will be sown more evenly than is possible by hand. Oats will stand a light freeze with less injury than the hot, dry sun in July, and for this reason it is important to get the work done early.—St. Louis Republic.

FOR ROAD-MAKERS.

An Arrangement That Accomplishes a Great Saving of Time.

No time is better than winter for drawing gravel or broken stone for roads or for hauling out manure. Nearly one-half the teamster's time is spent shoveling the load from a wagon or sled. The arrangement illustrated is in common use by city and village teamsters and accomplishes a great saving of time. It consists of sideboards and bottom-pieces of two-inch plank, all

separate and still so closely matched that when placed in position they form a tight box. Cleats on the inside of the ends of the sideboards hold the end boards in place. The bottom pieces are but two and one-half to three inches wide and together with the sideboards are made handle-shape at the rear end. When it is desired to discharge the load it is drawn over the spot where it is wanted and one sideboard lifted off. This act is followed by the removal of the bottom, one piece at a time. Of course the load falls to the ground. If it be sand or gravel the hubs must be protected by old boot-legs to keep out grit. This labor-saver may be shifted from wagon to sled at will and is frequently very useful when drawing ice or sawdust.—Hollister Sage, in Farm and Home.

About Self-Sucking Cows.

How can I prevent a cow from sucking herself? asks a correspondent. The writer uses for cases of this kind, a muzzle made from sole leather, or piece of thin hard-wood board, the first named is best. Take a board four or five inches wide by six to eight long, and cut out on one side an opening like the diagram herewith, excepting that the points come a trifle closer together, so as to fit snugly in the nose. This will keep the animal from reaching the teat, but will not interfere with grazing. The outside corners of muzzle must be rounded off.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Animal Parasites of Sheep.

Animal parasites of sheep is the subject of a bulletin that is sent out by the Department of Agriculture. It gives the diagnosis, treatment and history of the many parasites which affect sheep and is a book that both the farmer and scientist can use and comprehend. The parasites of the skin, head, lungs, intestines, liver and other organs are all treated in a thorough manner and a large number of illustrations of all the worms in their different stages of development are used. The nodular disease of the intestines, which is a common and wide-spread disease of the Eastern and Southern States, is described for the first time. This is one of the best bulletins that the department has published, as well as one of the best treatises on this subject. All bulletins are sent free by writing to Secretary J. M. Rusk or Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, Washington, D. C.